The Wind That Shakes the Barley

By Paul Laverty
You should've gotten rid of the ball.
You can't take it home with you.
You can't take it home with you.
It's a free out.
Ah, ref, that's a disgrace.
- He held it too long. Shut your mouth.
- Ah, for God's sakes.
The ball is there.
Come on, Teddy!
Come on, Teddy!
Come on, Chris. Come on!
Teddy O'Donovan.
If you don't stop, I'll put you off.
You are not playing hurling.
It's alright. Shake my hand.
We didn't come here to fight.
We came here to play hurling.
You're on your last warning.
We're going to miss you
on the fullback line.
- When are you off to London, Doc?
- At the weekend.
What in the name of Jesus
are you going there for?
- Not enough sick people in Ireland?
- To lick the King's arse.
With a tongue like yours,
you'll be able to cure his piles.
Want to sort your own out first.
I want to see Peggy and your mam.
- She's at the farm. We'll head up.
- Grand.
Welcome. Your mother and father
would have been proud of you.
They would indeed.
- They'll be watching over you.
- Hopefully they will.
- Always knew you'd make the top.
- Well, I'm only starting, really.
Don't be shy. You're going to one of
the very best hospitals in the world.
- It is, I suppose.
- It is.
- Hello, Sinead.
- Damien.
- When are you off?
- At the weekend.
- I wish you all the best.
- Thanks very much.
- Mind yourself.
- I will.
- Right.
- God will protect you, son.
- I know he will.
- Thanks, Peggy.
OK, alright.
- Get over there!
- Against the wall, now!
Don't move a muscle.
Don't look at me! Move!
Right. How many times
have you bastards,
you Mick bastards, been told, eh?
Defence of the Realm Act.
Do you understand?
All public meetings are banned,
and that includes
your poxy little games.
Do you understand?
Take their details.
I want names. I want addresses.
I want an occupation.
- Name?
- Con O'Sullivan.
- Louder!
- Con O'Sullivan.
Ballingeary. Ironmonger.
- Name?
- Chris Reilly.
- Louder!
- Chris Reilly.
- Don't look at me, boy.
- Reaves Estate.
By the crossroads. Farm labourer.
More like a prick!
Don't grin at me, you bastard.
Name?
- Look down.
- Your name?
Micheail O'Sullivan.
What's that shite?
He doesn't want riddles!
He wants your name, in English.
Tell him. Shut the fuck up!
Tell him.
Bit of a comic, are we, boy?
Do you see me laughing? Hm?
Well, laugh at this.
The lot of you, strip off. Now.
Shut up, you bitch! Move!
Shut the fuck up! Move!
Move! Get back!
I'm telling you, his name...
His name is Micheail O'Sullivan.
He lives with me.
Strip off right now! Right now!
- Quicker!
- Do it right now!
Take your bastard trousers off,
you prick!
Your bollocks are in a bag.
They're not gonna drop out! Come on!
- We got a tough guy over here.
- Take your shirt off!
Take your clothes off, Micheail.
When I say strip,
I mean fucking strip.
You bastard! Get up, you bastard!
There is no one involved here.
There is no one involved here.
Get up there!
- He's only 17. He's done nothing.
- There is no one involved here.
- Shut the fuck up!
- Micheail O'Sullivan is his name.
He's not involved in anything.
He's... He's 17 years of age.
Micheail O'Sullivan.
Micheail!
Get back in your trough,
you fucking sow! Get back!
17 years of age.
Not involved in anything,
yet you come here beating women
and children! Is that your game?
Micheail!
That's him done, Sarge.
Right, lads. Start backing off.
Big brave men, aren't you?
Sweet Jesus!
Oh, Jesus Christ. Oh, Jesus Christ.
God! Take him down. Take him down.
- Micheail?
- Micheail!
Micheail? Micheail?
- Micheail?
- Micheail! Micheail!
He's... He's dead.
He's gone. He's gone.
He's gone.
D The old for her
d The new that made me think
d On Ireland dearly
d While soft the wind
blew down the glen
d And shook the golden barley
d 'Twas hard the woeful words
to frame
d To break the ties that bound us
d But harder still to bear the shame
d Of foreign chains around us
d And so I said the mountain glen
d I'll seek at morning early
d While soft the wind blew
down the glen
d And shook the golden barley
Alright, lads.
- Alright, Damien?
- Alright, lads.
Want a cigarette?
I tell you, lads,
it's the last straw.
Benny McCabe, ten days ago.
Innocent. What did he do?
- Cutting turf.
- Then there was Seamus.
Aye, and Young Ernie across the way there.
All young fellas from the parish.
And poor Micheail inside.
- It's happening everywhere.
- You can't leave us now.
Some of us have the brawn.
Some have the brains.
Not after this. We need you now more than we ever needed you.
So, what have you got to say for yourself?
Think about it, Damien.
We've got to get these bastards.
Drive them out.
I agree. We have to drive them out.
How many British soldiers in the country?
- Too many.
- How many?
- There's about ten thousand.
- Ten thousand? Tans?
Artillery units, machine gun corps, cavalry.
And many more besides.
What's your point, Damien?
It's young men like Micheail we're talking about, Teddy.
Micheail was a real Irishman.
- You're a coward, Damien.
- I'm a coward?
And you're a hero, is it, Ned?
You're going to take on the British Empire with your hurley, is that it?
For Christ's sake, Damien.
What about Micheail?
Look, Micheail was killed because he wouldn't say his name in English.
Is that what you call a martyr?
So we should all buy a one-way ticket to London, is that it, Damien?
Damien?
Bye, Sinead.
Squad, halt!
Right turn!
Corporals, fall out.
Listen up, I'm gonna fall you out.
The front rank
will go to the far carriage.
The rear rank
will go to the nearest carriage.
Squad, attention.
Fall out.
Hold it! Hold it!
No soldiers on this train.
Stay there. Stay there.
- No soldiers on this train.
- Get out of the way!
I am under instructions.
The driver of this train has been...
- Move out of the way!
- Driver!
- Speak to him yourself.
- Get out of the way!
- Get back.
- Hold on. What's up?
- Who the fuck are you?
- The driver.
Get back on the train
and start driving.
My union has instructed me
not to carry...
I don't give a fuck about your union.
...not to carry any British personnel,
weapons or supplies.
Get back on the train or else
I'll blow your fucking head off.
- Get on the train and drive.
- Get back on the train!
- I'm not moving the carriages.
- Get back on the train!
Don't hurt the man like that!
- Can you drive the train?
- Not without the driver.
You! Find someone to drive
this train. Find someone...
You hurt the driver!
- Find someone to drive...
- I can't!
  You fucker!
Irish fucking bastard!
Bastard! Cunt!
Wouldn't drive the fucking train!
I'll fucking kill ya!
You wouldn't drive the train.
- Get them off the train.
- Everybody, off the train!
- Are you alright?
How are you? Look at me. Look at me.
Irish bastards!
Thank you very much.
Thanks.
Bastards.
"I do solemnly swear
that to the best of my ability
I will support and defend
the Government of the Irish Republic,
which is Dail Eireann, against
all enemies, foreign and domestic,
and I will bear true faith
and allegiance to the same,
and I take this obligation freely,
without any mental reservation
or purpose of evasion."
"So help me, God."
- I'm glad to have you with us.
- Thank you, Finbar.
- Steady Boy.
- Well done, Damien boy.
Leo, thank you.
- Good to have you, Damien.
- Good to have you, Damien.
- I knew you wouldn't get that train.
- Did you, now?
Because I would've kicked your arse
if you had.
Where's the rest
of that shaggin' section?
Move, you...
I have him. I have him. I have him.
Right sections, hollow square.
Section Two, facing me. Come on.
Section One, along here.
Ned, Aidan, Sean,
Damien, Paul, Vince,
Richard, Dennis, Pat, down.
Why are they down?
Why are they down, lads?
- Dead.
- Dead. That's right.
I estimate half the column just died.
Everyone down.
If we lose half this column,
it's not readily replaceable.
The Brits see you,
they're going to kill you,
the Brits catch you,
they're going to kill you.
Rory.
Did you see our position when you
came over the crest of that hill?
You did not. You were looking down
at your shoes,
trying to pick your way through
the mud and keep your shoes clean.
There'll be clean shoes on your corpse.
You also, cos it's your responsibility,
led your men into open ground.
You didn't use the natural cover.
It's on your shoulders
and I don't want to see it again.
We're only saying this
to keep you alive.
All I need is the size of a packet
of fags. Only that size.
I've got fags.
Chris, come here. One second.
Packet of fags. See that rock down
there with four white spots on it?
Put that on top of it. There's fags
in that now. I want them back. Go on.
Look, listen and learn.
Over to the left now, Chris boy.
Direct hit!
You've wrecked your fag box!
Good man.
- Hi, lads.
- Sinead.
Bang on time. We're not long here.
What have you got for us, Sinead?
- Some fags for Steady Boy.
- Thanks very much, Sinead.
- Want any?
- No.
That's from Finbar, Teddy.
- Jesus, it's the barracks.
- We're going to hit the barracks?
- Which town is it?
- A detailed map of the building.
I was almost caught
on the way over to you.
They stopped you?
Yeah, a few miles back.
- Were there many?
- Eight or nine.
- Did you get a fright?
- I'm grand.
- Listen, we'll let you go.
- Mind yourself, girl.
Good luck, Sinead.
Sinead? Sinead?
How are things at home?
They're not the best.
- It's been tough on us all.
- I know.
How are you yourself?
Jesus, Damien.
I can still hear his voice.
I have something here for you.
It's Micheail's
St Christopher's medal.
And I know that he really looked up
to you, so I'd like you to have it.
Thank you.
I'll be thinking of you.
Shit!
Hey, you down there!
What do you think you're doing?
D Been a wild rover
Through many's the year
And I've spent all my money
on whiskey and beer
And it's no nay never
No nay never no more
- Shut your...
- Jesus!
Get down! Get down! Get down!
Get down, you ugly bastard!
Hands above your heads.
- Get up and face the wall.
- Against the wall.
Eyes straight ahead.
The King doesn't want
any heroes tonight. Now shut up.
Stand there, lad.
Right, men. Back here, please.
Understand this. You are now seen
as traitors to your nation.
If I hear one more report of any
of our boys falling down your stairs,
you'll be shot. Is that clear?
This is your final warning.
Right, men, load them up.
You face forward.
Come on, lads, move it on.
Come on now. Hurry up.
Keep your mouth shut,
if you know what's good for you.
It's not as easy as it looks.
- Shot, Teddy lad.
- Shot.
22... 22-16.
Listen in. Five minutes, lads,
and you're off the table.
Right, lads, get on this side
of the table now! Move!
Come on, move your arse!
Get in line now!
Eyes down, arms up. Move!
Come on. You're all a sack of shite,
the lot of you.
You cretinous crap. You piece
of shit. Look at you! Arms up.
Don't eyeball me. Keep them up!
We done here, lads?
A pound a day, lads. A pound a day.
That's what they're paying
them bastards.
- Is that right?
- Yeah.
Our pounds out of our pockets
to pay for that swagger.
Handpicked, they were, by a personal
friend of that bollocks, Churchill.
Fucking bastard.
So we can expect what the Boers got,
can we?
The very same, yeah.
Friend of the worker.
Faster, faster. Come on.
Dear God.
Shh.
You're no oil painting.
Get their guns. Move!
Move!
Come on, Damien, go!
Go, go, go!
Take the end house!
Go, go, go!
Don't fucking move.
There's no one here. There's no men.
- Where's the men?
- There's no one here.
Stay still!
- Spread your legs.
- Get your hands above your head.
Leave him alone! Leave him alone!
- Open your legs.
- Get down. Stay there.
Stop fucking around
or we'll take you out.
- Hello, Bill.
- Good morning, John.
- May I introduce Captain Harris?
- Captain Harris. Do come through.
- Bill, it's good to see you.
- Lovely to see you.
- Good morning, Julia.
- Good morning, sir.
- Is Chris milking the cows?
- He is.

Chris!

Chris? Sir John wants to see you.

Sir John wants to see you.
The soldiers are with him.
- Should I take a run for it?
- No. They have the place surrounded.

Come along.

They're in there.
- Must I go in?
- Go on, knock.

Come in.

Oh, Reilly.

Come in. Come in.

Come in.

I'd get the carpet dirty, mud on my boots, sir.

That's the least of your worries.

Come over here.

Tell these gentlemen where you were last Friday, the day of the ambush.

I was at my uncle's funeral.
- Which uncle?
- He lives far away.
- Where, Reilly?
- Clare.
- You don't have an uncle in Clare.
- I do, sir.

Don't lie to me.

We paid a little visit to your mother in her lovely little cottage.
- She never mentioned a funeral.
- You don't have to go to my mother.

Stop lying, Reilly, and stop wasting our time or I'll see to it personally that your mother and your family suffer!

My family's nothing to do with it, sir.

We know you know Teddy O'Donovan.

Yes, you do.

Oh, yeah,
didn't see him in a while, actually.
Well, we will find him,
with or without you.
Psst!
Oi. Get down! Shut up!
Give me your rifle.
Give me your fucking rifle
before I blow your brains out.
I'll blow your fucking brains out.
Tell me where they are.
Wake up, you Irish bastards!
Get down, you dirty fucking scum!
Get in there! Go! Go!
Filthy Irish scum.
Kevin?
- We're fucked, Teddy!
- Kevin! You're grand. Let me look.
- I'm alright.
- Hold it up.
He's alright.
It's just a nick, Kevin.
It'll stop the bleeding, alright?
Look at me. Just keep your head back.
Hold that there. Jesus.
- Did they pick you up together?
- Yeah.
Do I know you, do I?
You're the train driver.
Remember, on the platform,
you wouldn't let the Tans on the train?
- You're the doctor?
- That's right.
That's right.
What do they have you in for?
The written word.
"Disloyally affected person",
whatever that means.
We ain't fuckin', lads.
Right, which one of you fuckers
is Teddy O'Donovan?
- It's me. I'm O'Donovan.
- Get him out!
- Get outside, you Fenian fucker.
- Sit down!
- Sit down!
- You bastards.
I'm Teddy O'Donovan.
- State your name again.
- Teddy O'Donovan...
- Get this one out.
- You Fenian fucker. Get him out!
You Fenian fuckers!
Move! Move it!
Get in there! Fucking get in that chair! Fucking dirty Irish fucker!
Strap him down. And his legs.
Hello, Teddy.
It's a pleasure to meet you in the flesh after all this time.
Where's your safe houses, Teddy?
I want names, places, Teddy.
Where's your weapon stashes?
I'm going to make you squeal, Teddy, like all the other fuckers.
So you'd better start talking to me.
Now, I take it that you want me carry on with this, yeah?
D This old man, he played one
d He played knickknack on my thumb
Now, I want names and fucking places.
And you'd better start telling me soon!
Names and places. Come on, sunshine.
Come on. You can do it. Come on.
Come here, you little...
Come on, Teddy. Come on, Teddy.
Come on! Tell me!
Teddy!
Hold it together, Teddy!
Hold it together!
Teddy!
Teddy! I can't take that fucking shite. Come on.
We have to be strong for him.
Do you hear me?
He'd want you to be strong, boy.
Come on now. Sing the song.
Shut up!
Shut up. Fucking Irish.
Shut up!
- Get in there!
- Jesus Christ, you fucking bastards.
- What have you done to him?
- Keep his hands up, lads.
Give me something for his head.
Give me something for his head.
Behind his head.
You're alright, Teddy boy.
Keep them up now.
- I never said a word.
- I know you didn't, boy.
I know you didn't. You're the most stubborn man I ever met.
You're alright.
How long have you known him?
All my life. He's my brother.
It's alright. Shh.
Open that fucking door.
- Get on your feet, you fucker!
- Come on, move!
Get in there!
What's your name?
I am... I am a member of the Irish Republican Army.
I demand to be treated as a political prisoner.
You're a murdering gangster who shoots men in the back.
No, you're wrong. I'm a Democrat.
In the last election, Sinn Fin won 73 seats out of a possible 105.
Our mandate's for an Irish Republic separate from Great Britain.
- A democratic decision.
- That is not my responsibility.
I'm just a soldier sent by my government.
Your government, which suppresses our parliament, which bans our paper.
Your presence here is a crime, a foreign occupation.
Tell me what I'm supposed to do.
Turn the other cheek
for another 700 years?
- That is not my responsibility.
- Get out of my country.
- What is your name?
- Get out of my country.
You're not a bog cutter.
Show me your hands.
Show me your fucking hands!
What are you going to do?
Pull my fingernails off?
What do you fucking well expect?
These men fought at the Somme,
up to their necks in vomit,
in filthy trenches,
while their friends got blown apart
in front of their eyes! Sort him out!
Give me your name!
Your name?
Come here!
Soldier!
Shoot him in the temple.
In the temple!
- Can't.
- Do it! Do it!
- I can't.
- Do it! It's an order!
Tomorrow, military court
and execution
for possession of a firearm.
"So I turned to
the garden of love...
...and priests in black gowns
were walking their rounds and..."
"...binding with briars,
my joys and desires." William Blake.
I got deported to Wales.
Frongoch Camp.
Don't tell these bastards, but they
were the best years of my life.
I learnt to read and write...
and think.
- Were you in the Citizen Army?
- Hm.
- With Connolly?
- Oh, yeah.
- Did you ever hear him speak?
- Dublin lockout.
Saturday afternoon
in the pissings of rain.
He set the place alight.
"If you remove the British Army
tomorrow...
...and hoist the green flag
over Dublin Castle...
...unless you organise
a socialist republic,
all your efforts
will have been in vain."
"And England will still
rule you through her landlords,
capitalists,
and commercial institutions."
Thank you, Mr Connolly.
I used that once in a debate
at university.
Jesus, I was all talk.
And when it came down to it,
I always had an excuse.
Teddy could see right through that.
Man of action.
We were fierce close as young fellas.
Just the two of us.
Me following him around all the time.
I could never match him.
They sent him away...
at 12 years of age.
The seminary at 12 years of age.
By the time he came back,
he was a man.
I was still a boy.
My name's Johnny Gogan.
My dad's from Donegal. And I won't
have your death on my conscience.
Come on.
- Where's the other fellas?
- Away for a piss.
I haven't got the key.
I don't have a key for this cell.

Damien!

Come back! Damien!

- You must be hungry.
- I'm starving. Thanks very much.

How is he?
- Aye, he'll be fine.
- Bearing up.

Eat up now.

You'll need to stay strong.
- What age are you?
- 19.
- What made you do it?
- I don't know.

Well, you're a brave lad.

Isn't he, Mam?

He's a very brave lad.

And we're very proud of you.
- My dad's from Donegal.
- Where?

Donegal.

There's a fresh bit there
if you want it.
- Are you holding up?
- Sure not great.

You did well, Damien.

Kevin, Johnny and Colum
are still there, you know?

They could be shot at any time.

We left them there.

Ah, Jesus Christ.

I can't take much more of this.

We know who turned you in.

Mairi's a typist at the barracks. She
found a letter and made a copy of it.

The horse you wanted
is in the stable over there.

That's for you, Teddy.

You've got to rest.
- Tim will take you back.
- Damien's next in command.

Sean? Sean?

Go, Julia.
Don't move!
Put your hands behind your head.
Give him the letter.
Read it.
"I feel duty bound to inform you
of my suspicions
concerning a member of my staff."
"Recently, I have observed
some unsavoury characters
trespassing on my lands."
"Most of them are a trumped-up
bunch of rustics, shop hands
and corner boys
with delusions of grandeur."
"I am now certain
my own employee, Chris Reilly,
takes orders from trench-coat thug,
Teddy O'Donovan,
who I know is a top priority
for you."
I don't suppose you know
what he looks like?
Short and thick, I imagine.
Get him some paper.
Write this down in your own words.
Go on.
For the attention
of General Hugh Tudor.
I am responsible for the arrest
of 11 members of the IRA.
Three now face execution.
If one hair on their head is touched,
I will get a bullet, too.
Such a beautiful room.
It's hard to imagine
a man scream from here.
Ever seen fingernails ripped out
with rusty pliers, Sir John? Hm?
All your learning
and you still don't understand.
Oh, I understand perfectly,
Mr O'Donovan.
God preserve Ireland
if ever your kind take control.
You better start
getting used to the idea.
- A priest-infested backwater!
- Finish the letter.
Make sure he signs it.
And then help him find
his best pair of walking shoes.
A little exercise will do
a gentleman farmer no harm at all.
Chris.
Alright, Ted.
Come on.
- What?
- Get your coat.
That's the house of Danny and Peg.
They'll have dinner on the boil
for us.
Welcome. Welcome. Welcome, boy.
- You must be very tired.
- It's an awful long walk.
Dinner's prepared for you in there.
- Thanks very much.
- You're welcome.
- I'm sure you must be very tired.
- Starved.
Dan.
- A message for Damien O'Donovan.
- It's me.
- Will there be any message?
- No. Go on.
They've executed Johnny,
Colum and Kevin.
Oh, Jesus Christ Almighty.
Bastards!
- Were they tortured?
- They were.
Jesus.
I've received orders
to execute the spies.
Not Chris as well?
Ah, Jesus Christ, lads.
He's only a young fella, like.
Hamilton's a civilian.
You could order him to leave.
He cost us three lives already.
It could've been more.
- It was his own choice.
- Ah, but Chris!
- We can't. He's one of our own.
- Congo, he's a traitor.
I'm sorry, but this is war. What are we doing here, like? It's a war.
- Come on. Move him on, will you?
- Over here.
I studied anatomy for five years, Dan.
And now I'm going to shoot this man in the head.
I've known Chris Reilly since he was a child.
I hope this Ireland we're fighting for is worth it.
Where's your letters? Come on.
That's for my wife, for my children.
I'll make sure they're delivered.
Turn around!
You'll never beat us. Ever!
Roy, get up there.
Right there.
Give me your letters, Chris.
Give me your letters, Chris!
I didn't know what to write.
And Mam can't read.
Just tell her I love her.
And where I'm buried.
- Do you want me to do it?
- No.
Are you sure?
Promise me, Damien. Promise me you won't bury me next to him.
The chapel, do you remember, on the way up?
- Do you remember?
- Yeah.
In there.
Tell Teddy I'm sorry.
I'm scared, Damien.
- Have you said your prayers?
Yeah.
God protect you.
Two more have been burnt down.
The peelers aren't fighting back.
- Two barracks is what I'm told.
- That's brilliant.
- And courthouses, tax offices.
- That's excellent.
Morning.
Some fantastic things are happening for the Republican cause.
The dockers went on strike yesterday.
The railway men are still refusing to transport arms.
- It has the army in chaos.
- Excellent. It's still holding.
Every County Council and City Council has pledged allegiance to the Dail.
They're hitting back though. We lost two fellas down by O'Connor's.
Not to mention the dozens arrested, so...
And tell us,
how are the hunger strikers?
They're holding up.
They're doing their best.
Court's on inside. You going in?
- Lads, we've been training for this.
- Go in and listen to Lily.
Good. Scabbing well.
Are you looking after them?
Yeah. Yeah.
I'm sorry about Chris.
Must have been tough.
How have you been?
Been grand, boy, grand. Thanks.
Come one.
Did you agree the terms on the loan and make it clear to Mr Sweeney that you wouldn't be able to repay him for quite some time?
She knows exactly what she's talking about.
She agreed the terms and said she'd
start repayments straight away.
She owes a huge backlog.
Thank you, that's enough.
Mrs Rafferty.
You agreed on this loan,
but did you let Mr Sweeney know
that you wouldn't be able to repay immediately?
You do know exactly what it was.
She said she'd be able to start paying right away at the rate agreed.
- She will be given time.
- I'm only filling in what she said.
Sinead, do you have those figures for me?
The accumulative interest,
Mr Sweeney, is over 500 percent.
Interest is bound to accumulate if you're not making repayments.
That's normal commercial practice.
Come off it now, Sweeney, 500?
Come off it!
It's standard normal practice.
What am I supposed to do?
This is a recognised court under the authority of Dail Eireann, and a bit of decorum is required.
Frankly, my sympathies lie with Mrs Rafferty in this matter.
That's very clear.
Those are extortionate interest rates to be charging.
It's abuse of your position in the community to be charging that.
This is a Republican court, not an English court.
I hereby order you to repay Mrs Rafferty ten shillings and sixpence.
You have seven days in which to do so. That is this day next week.
Me repay her? Are you joking me?
There's no way I'm paying money to her.
She's the one who owes me money!
- I'm the aggrieved party here.
- Sit down, please.
You're asking me
to waive my interest.
I'm the one who's owed money
and you call that justice?
- Sit down!
- You got the result that you wanted.
A kangaroo court is what it is.
Me pay her? No way! Let me go!
What are you doing?
Get your hands off me!
Get your hands off me!
There's no way...
- Let go of me!
- For God's sake!
Bring him back here. Bring him back.
Bring him back here.
Teddy O'Donovan's after taking
Mr Sweeney off us.
He's taken him out
the front door of the court.
Teddy O'Donovan!
Teddy O'Donovan, come back
into this courthouse immediately!
Teddy O'Donovan, I'm not standing
here all day for you!
Teddy O'Donovan,
come back here, please.
Who the hell do you think you are
to interfere with a court decision?
- Lily, calm down for second.
- Answer the question.
You answer my question.
Do you want every merchant
and businessman up against us?
You're interfering with
the court's decision.
Are you going to throw me in jail?
Who'll fight the war then? You?
What Mr Sweeney did
to Mrs Rafferty was wrong.
It was wrong, but I need
the man's money to buy weapons.
We can't fight a war without weapons.
Are you gonna fight it with a hurl?
How do we maintain the trust of
the people if you undermine us?
We maintain their trust
with weapons in our hands.
We have men on the four corners
of this town defending this town.
We took it
from the British with force.
And the first judgement of this,
an independent court,
you have undermined
by deciding to settle it in a pub.
He provides us with money
to buy weapons.
There is a consignment coming in
from Glasgow in the next few weeks.
Tell me how I'll pay for that
if he's in a cell sulking.
We should enforce the court's decision.
I'm volunteering. Anyone else?
Hold on a minute. Hold on.
There's a war on, right?
We have one objective,
to get the British out of Ireland.
And the Sweeneys of this world
give us rifles,
more important than a box of fucking
groceries. A little clarity now.
- Well said, Rory boy. Well said.
- Paint the town Republican green,
but underneath,
we're still the same as the English.
- We're not the same as the English.
- Better than painting it red.
Ah, shut up!
Easy! Take it easy.
Justice and equality for all.
Take a copy of the proclamation.
He's grand. He's grand.
- Are you boys finding this funny?
- Very, very funny.
Turn out your pockets. How much
money have you got in your pocket?
Be careful there, Dan.
Be quiet. Be quiet.
How much?
What you talking about?
Can you not answer a civil question?
How much money have you got?
Answer him, Tim.
How much?
I have a shilling, alright?
Ned, how much land do you own?
Answer me, come on. Have you
a blade of grass to your name?
No, not a blade.
These boys are fine.
Let me finish.
I'm talking here.
Right, you're paupers, just like me.
Take a look at this country
and see the amount of volunteers
that are involved in land seizures,
cattle drives. Know why that is?
That's enough of that.
It's not enough of it!
The IRA are backing the landlords
and crushing people like you and me.
You sat down with the IRA last night.
I'm talking here!
You want madness
up and down the country?
Hold on.
You saw it here two minutes ago.
These boys backing the local bigwig
and selling out a mother who hasn't
got a penny. Just like yours!
Teddy... Teddy, I have no problem
taking any order you want to give me.
I'll jump off a cliff, if you want.
But you sure as hell
better respect this court.
Dan.
This is our government.
I understand what you're saying.
I will pay for the woman's groceries
out of my own pocket.
It's not about that!
Right there.
Jesus.
We buried him in this chapel
in the mountains.
And I went down and...
...and I told his mother.
His mother who has cooked meals
for me and her son.
And when I told her she...
she just looked at me.
And then she went in
and she put on her shoes.
And she come out and she said,
"Take me to my child."
And we walked for six hours
and she didn't say one word.
Then we got to the chapel.
And I showed her the grave.
And I'd put a... cross
and some flowers on it.
And she turned to me and she said,
"I never want to see your face again."
I've crossed the line now, Sinead.
I want time with you,
Damien O'Donovan.
I can't feel anything.
In nomine Patris et Filii
et Spiritus Sancti.
Right, Ted.
That's all, Father. Thanks.
Right.
I'll give the boys a blessing,
Finbar.
May our Lord Jesus Christ
who sacrificed Himself on the cross
for each and every one of you...
...may He grant you
the strength and courage
to deal with the trials and
tribulations that lie before you.
In nomine Patris
et Filii et Spiritus Sancti.
Amen.
Congo, in there.
Ned, just on Damien's right.
Finbar, on the far side.
Just by... Yeah, on Ned's right.
Auxies, lads! Auxies!
- Auxies!
- Auxies!
Fall out!
Cease fire!
Damien. Congo.
- Cease fire!
- Go down and check.
Congo, cover Damien.
Dan, Finbar, Vince, Shane,
watch the position from here.
Donacha, eyes towards the open road.
- Are you OK, Teddy?
- One man dead! One man dead!
We got one man dead!
- What did he say?
- One man dead.
Who's dead?
Finbar, one man dead!
- Up here, Damien.
- Get the weapons.
It's Gogan. Give me your gun.
- He's dead.
- He's gone?
- What?
- He's gone.
He's dead. Gogan's dead.
- Move it.
- Come on, wake up.
- Come on, men, you're soldiers.
- Stop looking at them.
- You are soldiers!
- Move, move, move!
Move it, come on! Move it!
He would have killed you!
- Move! Come on! Fall in!
- Form up your columns.
- Into threes.
- In threes.
- Shoulder your weapon.
- Shoulder your weapon!
- Sean, buck up, boy!
- Into your section.
Column, attention!
Hup!
Rough business, boys. Filthy job.
Now, look again,
I'm going to show you something.
Look! Look to your right.
Look to your right.
Mercenaries who were paid to come over to make us crawl and to wipe us out. Here's what we've done. We've sent a message to the British Cabinet that will echo and reverberate around the world. If they bring their savagery over here, we will meet it with a savagery of our own. Everybody out! Get them out! Go on. Keep going. Get down. Against that wall. Get down on your knees. Get down on your knees!
Shit!
Have you a round? One round? We haven't a bullet between us. Stay where you are. Oh, shit!
 Fucking hell, just let me go down there! Stay the fuck down! There's nothing we can do. They're dead.
- Get her arm!
- No!
Jesus Christ!
No!
You bastards! Get off me! Stay. No, you stay where you are! What good are you dead? Stay. You stay where you are.
Tell us what we want to know!
Tell us what we want to know!
You go, you're dead. Stay!
Fenian whore!
Look at it burn!
Tell us what we want.
Tell us! Tell us!
I'm sorry. I'm sorry.
Easy does it.
- How's she holding up?
- She's very weak still.
Well, Bernadette,
we'll have to find you
somewhere to stay
for the next few weeks.
I'm sure the McCarthys will keep us
for a while, Damien.
I'll go over there later on. Mam,
we'll go over to McCarthy's later.
- I'm not moving out of this place.
- What?
I'm not moving out of this place.
I was four years old,
my father died of a famine fever.
- Sure, I know, Peggy.
- And later, I had five children.
And I was evicted. And I am not
moving out, unless in the box.
It'll only be for a few weeks.
There's nothing here.
The house is gone.
- I'll clean out the chicken coop.
- Now, don't be talking like that.
- Clean out the chicken coop?
- Yes, I'm cleaning the chicken coop.
Where Micheail was murdered?
You expect us to live inside there?
- I'll clean the chicken coop.
- I know, Peggy.
- You can't do this to me, Nan!
- I'll go and clean the chicken coop.
Jesus Christ, can you not see
what they've done to me?
- I'm not as strong you, Nan.
- Nan, please.
Jesus, Damien,
will you take me away from here?
- I can't take it any more!
I don't want to end up like her!
I want to have some kind of a life!
Come on. Come on.
- Ah, Jesus!
- Sit down. Sit down. Sit down.
You're still in shock, do you hear?
- It's all gone.
- Easy now. Easy now. Easy now.
Sinead.
Teddy O'Donovan?
Teddy O'Donovan?
I've an urgent message
for Teddy O'Donovan.
- What do you want?
- I've a message for him.
- What's your name?
- Tomas, sir.
What's the message?
I don't know. It just starts with T,
that's all I know.
The most important word
of the message starts with a T?
- Where's the message?
- Who gave it to you?
- A man down the village.
- I think he's lost it.
- Come on now, where's the message?
- Check in your back pockets.
- Who gave it to you? You lost it?
- Take off your jacket.
- Was it a piece of paper?
- Yes.
- Was it an important message?
- Yes. He said it was very important.
He had a message but he's lost it.
I don't have time for this.
- Did you come down or up the hill?
- Down the hill.
See if you can find it. Thick
for dropping the message, was it?
Hold up, I have it.
I have it. I have it.
"A truce has been declared.
Hostilities cease from midnight."
- "God bless you all. Finbar."
- Truce?
- What?
- A truce has been declared.
- "A truce has been declared."
- Give us a look.
"Hostilities cease from midnight.
God bless you all. Finbar."
- You're joking!
- Jesus Christ!
Is that right?
- It's a truce, lads.
- Is that right?
"A truce has been declared."
- It is Finbar's writing?
- It is, yeah.
- "God bless you all. Finbar."
- Jesus!
- What is it?
- A truce.
Yes! Yes!
"Sinn Fin
and Government Delegates meet
and everybody hopes for
a happy settlement."
"Success! British
and Irish leaders sign Peace Treaty."
"The Agreement will establish
a new Irish Free State."
"It will have full control of customs,
tariffs and economic policy."
That's it, boy.
"The Irish Delegates
who signed the treaty...
"The new state will remain within
the British Empire as a dominion."
As a dominion?
"Members of the new Parliament will
swear an oath of allegiance to..."
You see this?
"Splendid news says the King!"
What kind of peace can you have
with a king?
They're in the wrong.
- I don't have any fecking king.
- Feck off!
What? No way! No way!
Is this what we fought for, is it?
Is this what we fought for, is it?
A betrayal of 1916.
Look at this, boy. It's all true.
"Immediate and terrible war."
Those were the exact words.
The threat promised
by the British Cabinet
if we didn't ratify this treaty.
Lloyd George, Churchill, Chamberlain,
Birkenhead, Hamar Greenwood.
A bunch of more vicious bastards
in the one room you can't imagine.
They have just watched 17 million
men, women and children
die in the Great War.
You think they'll give a damn about
a few thousand dead Republicans?
Bluffing. They're in a dirty war
and they can't win.
- Oh, I see. Fair enough.
- I agree.
They're not going to lose face in
America. And the rest of the world.
- They're not going to risk that.
- It's costing them 10,000 a day.
They've a lot more after that,
don't you worry.
Lads, you're not hearing
what Teddy's saying.
"Immediate and terrible war."
Think about it.
We've 3,500 rifles in the country.
How's that going to work for us? Huh?
Lads, we have freedom
within our grasp.
We're that close. It's just one inch but it's still out of reach. And if we stop now, we will never again... regain the power that I can feel in this room. I can sense it in this room today. And if we stop short now, never in our lifetime will we see that energy again. Ever! So I'm begging each and every one of you to just go that inch. We cannot stop until we've complete freedom from Britain! Remember this? Remember this? Each one of us swore an oath of allegiance to the Irish Parliament of 1919. This treaty flies in the face of it. It insults it by asking us to swear another oath to the King that we're trying to get out. An oath! And maybe if I was a politician, like yourselves, I could say whatever I want, but I'm not. I'm a Republican. And the only question I want you to answer is, are you men of your word? Do you expect me to answer that? - Are you a Republican? - Of course I'm a Republican! - I need to say something in answer. - Bloody liar. Absent faces. But they're still present in here. It's Kevin, Johnny, Colum, murdered in the barracks. There's Benny, shot in the back while cutting turf. Aidan, tortured and then hung. Micheail. Jesus, I could go on all day, but we can't forget Micheail.
He was beaten to a pulp
in front of his mother.
And I cannot, I will not...
...spit on the graves
of our dead martyrs
by swearing an oath of allegiance
to the British Crown!
If you really want to desecrate
the graves of those boys,
if you want to insult their memories,
you go ahead and reject this treaty.
Because this is what they died for.
And because a lot of you
are too stubborn!
You're too stubborn!
You're too stubborn to...
Talk about Michael Collins.
Michael Collins is a hero.
He went down there to London. He was
seduced by the wining and dining.
- He did not negotiate a proper treaty.
- Bloody surrender.
More of a surrender
than what the British are doing?
Think of the concessions
they've made.
Lloyd George is in a coalition
with die-hard Tories.
As far as they're concerned,
Ireland is this tiny dot
in a much bigger picture.
Do you seriously think they'd let him
give the green light to nationalists
in India and in Africa
and the whole fucking empire
by giving us complete independence?
It was never going to happen
that way, and you all know it.
If we ratify this treaty, we will
destroy the two most precious gifts
that we won with this last election.
One, being a mandate for complete
freedom, not a compromised freedom.
The second, being a Democratic
programme in which is enshrined
the priority, the public welfare
over private welfare.
This treaty will copper-fasten the
hold of the powerful over the poor
because there will be
a governor general
who'll have our puppet parliament on
a leash. It'll be business as usual,
with workers tied to a shift at a
factory and fellas begging for jobs.
It's the partition of the country.
The alienation,
the abandonment of our brothers
in the top of this country.
You say the Brits are leaving?
They're going 300 miles up the road.
Men, women and children being burned
out of their homes.
It's true, boy. It's true.
My cousins are on the streets
of Belfast.
Burned from their homes by Loyalists.
There's refugees all over Dublin.
You know what this treaty means
for them?
Instead of sectarian gangs,
they'll now face those same thugs
armed and uniformed
by the British state.
Read the treaty, Sinead.
There's no certainty.
We'll have a divided Ireland.
There is certainty. Read the treaty.
Read the treaty. There is certainty.
Dan?
My dad was a nawy.
He worked in London,
digging holes for tuppence ha'penny
until it killed him.
I had two sisters I never got to know
because they died in infancy
for want of a doctor.
Now, what I signed up to, when I got
involved in this, was part... Here.
I have a piece of paper here.
It's from the Democratic Programme
of the First Dail.
It's a short quote. I won't keep you.
I'm going to read this out to you.
"The nation's sovereignty
extends not only to all the men
and women of the nation,
but to all its material possessions,
the nation's soil
and all its resources. All the wealth,
and all the wealth-producing
processes within the nation."
That means, all of us in this country
own every bit of this country.
And that's what we all signed up to
when we voted for the Dail. Right?
If we pursue this,
every child in this country
will have an equal chance.
If we don't,
they won't have a chance in hell.
If we ratify this treaty,
al we're changing
is the accents of the powerful
and the colour of the flag.
That's not true! That's not true!
Thanks be to God, it was a great day
to see the back of them.
Jesus Christ,
I thought I'd never see the day.
- You can say that again.
- Not before time.
Exactly.
Good riddance to them.
One-way ticket now, lads. Have a safe
journey and God bless all of you.
- Bugger off, Paddy!
- And I'll see you in hell.
Eyes to your front, soldier!
Look at them. Not a gun between them.
Handed them all over
to the freestaters.
Jesus Christ. They're on their way.
Is that not good enough for you?
Here, look at the gombeen-men.
Licking their lips already, Damien.
Decent men.
- Oh, are they?
- Yeah, they are.
- It's Teddy in the freestate uniform.
- What?
Teddy's wearing
the bloody freestate uniform.
Kick out the Black and Tans,
bring in the Green and Tans.
Bastards, the lot of you.
You won't even give us a chance.
This treaty's been approved by the Dail.
Hasn't been approved in the field.
Hasn't been approved in here, boy.
- Any of you for a drink?
- Yeah, go on.
- How are you, boy?
- Lads.
We're back at work again.
I have to go to Dublin.
The Republican Army leaders
have summoned an emergency meeting.
Seven out of ten volunteers
out against the treaty.
These freestate ladeens up here
are recruiting left, right and centre.
Ex-British army, all sorts.
Is it true they're bringing in
weapons from England?
There's all sorts of rumours.
We're setting up a new HQ in Dublin.
I need the pair of you and I need
Rory to keep the training going.
- I'll be in touch when I can.
- Alright.
What if they try to take our guns?
Over my dead body
will we give up a single bullet.
You have to keep down.
- Keep your backsides down.
- Tuck it into your elbows.
- Keep your arse down.
- Get the muzzle up out of there.
You'll smash that rifle.
The butt of your rifle
is facing away from you.
Come on, boy, keep the line. Come on.
Keep the line, lads.
Don't be rushing ahead.
My grandmother could do better.
You're falling behind again,
you dozy bollox. Move forward.
Look down the line. There isn't one.
Your muzzle's
going straight into the dirt.
Right, next line.
Don't be last in line.
On the double means run. Come on!
Form the line.
Down on your bellies.
Rifles as we told you.
You know where you're going.
You don't have to look.
Your dozy face makes a great target.
Now put your head down!
Are you the doctor?
Are you the doctor? I need a doctor.
- I'm a doctor.
- I've a sick child. Can you see him?
- In to your left.
- Thank you.
Well, now. Hello.
- What's your name?
- Diarmuid.
Can I have a little look at
your eyes? There's a good man.
Good boy. Can you stick out
your tongue for me? Now say, "Aaah".
- Aaah.
- Good fella.
Right. Will you sit up?
I want to have a look at your tummy.
Take that off.
Good man. Now, lie back down for me.
Will he be alright, Doctor?
He will. He'll be fine. Good boy.
Good man.
- Would you like a glass of water?
- I won't. I'm fine.
- Maybe a drop for himself.
- Right.
Up you get now.
- Are they your sisters outside?
- Yeah.
- What are their names?
- Aoife, Sheila and Emer.
Aoife, Sheila and Emer.
How is he?
He's half-starved, Dan.
Jesus!
There's two piles of 30 there, alright? Double-check 'em.
Alright.
- Who's doing the stall on Saturday?
- Huh?
- The stall.
- I'm not doing any stall.
- What?
- Feck off. Ask Lily to do the stall.
I can't do the stall.
You'll have to do it.
Er, I can't.
One thing I don't understand, why do you always put Labour above the Republic?
Telegram from Dublin.
Finbar was in the Four Courts with the Republican leaders.
Freestaters smashed the place with 18-pounders from the British.
- For fuck's sake.
- Bastards!
- Sinead, was there anyone killed?
- I've no details, Lily.
But Finbar wants us to hit back down here immediately.
I'm not hitting back.
- Where you off to there, Ned?
- I'm sorry, lads.
- I've had enough.
- That's an order from Finbar.
Tell that to the bastards killing
Republicans in the Four Courts!
Where are you going, boy?
The longer I stay here, the more
men's lives are in danger. Come on.
Rory, what's this going to achieve?
Ned?
- We've received our orders, alright?
- Jesus Christ.
Sorry, lads. I'm not hitting back.
There's men in the Four
Courts. Our comrades are up there.
Damien. I'm with you all the way,
but... I'm with you all the way,
but these are our own lads.
No, our comrades are in the Four
Courts. They're our comrades.
- This won't stop in the Four Courts.
- It's over for me.
Just hang on, will you?
Jesus Christ.
Right, you bastards.
Put it down! Put it down!
Rory! Rory, stand your men down.
Rory, stand your men down.
- Shut your hole!
- Frighten the ladies.
- Shut your hole!
- Stand down.
Grab their guns. How many?
Fucking turncoats!
Put it down. Put it down!
Jesus Christ, what are you doing?
Shut up!
I've a good mind to do you all.
Come on, hurry up, move it!
You've killed two fellow Irishmen!
Tell that to the boys
in the Four Courts! Come on, move it.
- What's it like to kill an Irishman?
- Shut your hole!
Come on, move it. Come on.
Bloody Rory, he's insane.
Some bastards are beyond reason.
Self-righteous Rory,
with his big thick head on him.
He's quite content being
the underdog, you do know that?
- I do indeed.
- Jesus.
- The military courts will show them.
- It's not enough.
What are you saying?
If they take one out, we take
one back. To hell with the courts.
Jesus, Teddy,
they're still our boys out there.
They're confused.
They'll run out of steam.
Some will.
Some will fight to the end.
I agree. We've got to stamp it out.
If we don't stop them,
the Brits will be back.
After all we've achieved,
after everything we've been through,
we can't go back to that.
I never thought I'd see the day.
Military courts established
in Ireland by Irishmen.
Deportation or the death penalty
for those caught with arms.
In the name of God, what is going on?
I found this on the street
during the week.
"Under the Republic, the lands of
the aristocracy who live in London
will be seized and divided up against
landless workers and small farmers."
"All industry and agriculture
will be controlled by the state
for the workers' and farmers'
benefit."
Not content with stealing
your savings,
they'll be nationalising
the 12 apostles next.
Dear brethren, we have an opportunity
for the first time in generations
in this country
for peace and prosperity.
We have that opportunity without
English soldiers marching in our streets
and outside our churches
on a Sunday morning.
We have that opportunity
because we have signed a treaty.
A treaty of peace.
Quiet!
Let me remind those of you
who have forgotten
of the pastoral letter signed by
Cardinal Logue and other bishops.
Anti-Treatyite irregulars have,
and I quote,
"Wrecked Ireland from end to end."
"And all those who participate
in such crimes
are guilty of the gravest sins
and may not be absolved in confession
nor admitted to Holy Communion."
In other words, excommunication!
This opinion of the treaty is not just
the opinion of the Catholic Church,
it is the opinion of other churches.
And it is the opinion
of every newspaper
up and down, and the length
and breadth of this country.
But most importantly,
this treaty was ratified,
overwhelmingly ratified, by the people
in their democratic expression
in the June election.
Can you tell me, how can there be
a fair election in this country
when the most powerful country
in the world threatens war?
This is not the will of the people.
It is the fear of the people.
How dare you talk to me
in the house of God. Silence!
Damien O'Donovan, you are a disgrace
to the memory of your parents. Go!
The Free State Constitution was only
printed the morning of the election
so nobody had time to read it.
This is not the marketplace!
Sit down, shut up, or get out!
And once again, the Catholic Church,
with honourable exception,
sides with the rich!
- Get out!
- Get out.
I thought those days were done.
Damien.
Damien. Please.
Come on, boy.
I want a word. What are you doing?
You're fighting with the priest?
Is it not bad enough
we're fighting amongst ourselves?
- And what's it all for?
- Well said, Damien.
This? This radical shit? Who in the
countryside is going to read this?
Have you read it, Teddy? Have you?
Our own uncles
are scared of this stuff.
- They're not waving red flags.
- You've forgotten how they behaved.
Our father, when he fired
Pat McCarthy because he was sick
and we couldn't look at his son
in the face because of the shame of it.
What has our father got to do
with this?
There's one in four people
out of work in this country.
I have seen children and families
starving.
Do we expect them to head off
to New York and London?
- Is that what we fought for?
- But we didn't fight for this.
It's too late. You won't convince me.
- You've always been a dreamer.
- I am not a dreamer, I am a realist.
- Hm?
- I need you with me on this, Damien.
We'll tear up the treaty once we're strong enough, but I need you to be with me on this.
I mean, you're my...
Just give me time.
Give this a chance.
It's too late, Teddy. You can't see it. You really can't see it.
John Bull has got his hand down your pants, his fist round your bollocks.
That's not it.
This treaty, Teddy, this treaty makes you a servant of the British Empire.
You have wrapped yourself in the fucking Union Jack.
- The butcher's apron, boy.
- No.
Where's Rory, Damien?
Hey, don't do anything stupid, Damien.
Do you realise you've been telling me that since I was 12 years of age?
First man, outhouse.
Second man, outhouse.
You two, in the main house.
Last man with me. Move it.
Get over there! Get over!
Get out of the house. Get out now.
Get out of the way!
- What's going on here?
- Weapon search.
We have no weapons.
You'll find no weapons.
- What's going on inside here?
- Get this woman against the wall!
- Against that wall.
- How could you?
After all the times
we gave you food and shelter.
- Up those steps.
- It's a disgrace.
- Up against the wall.
- You should be ashamed.
Back. Right up here.
Go on. In together
where I can see the two of you.
All the times you sat at our table.
Eating our food. We gave you shelter.
- Orders from headquarters.
- To turn on your own people?
Orders from the Government
of the Free State.
I'll show you where the weapons are.
Sean, watch the door.
Sentry, what's going on up there?
Nothing, sir.
- Sentry, make a report.
- There's nothing going on down here.
Halt or I'll fire!
Dan! Dan! Hold your fire!
Hold your fire! Hold your fire! Dan!
- Shut up!
- Hold your fucking fire!
Dan is shot, lads! I'm unarmed!
I'm fucking...
No!
No, don't! Dan! Don't! Stop it, boy.
Get your hands up!
Get your hands up, you bastard!
Get them up! Get them up!
Get your hands up!
I tell you, get them up! Get them up!
That's enough! Get back!
- Get back!
- Dan!
Get back! Get into the corner!
Dan! Dan!
Jesus Christ, you fucking bastards!
An unarmed man!
You shot an unarmed man in the back,
Denis! Dan!
Damien, get your hands up
or I will shoot!
- Has he eaten?
- No, he's been very quiet, sir.
Remember the last time we were here?
You told them you were me.
- I never thanked you for that.
- For all the good it did you.
I'm sorry about Dan.
And Terence. Where are they now?
They're in the basement.
Lying side by side.
Jesus, Damien,
you shouldn't be in here.
You should be back home.
Back home with Sinead.
And tomorrow morning,
you should be in hospital, teaching.
That's all you've ever wanted to do
since you were a boy, isn't it? Hm?
You were always the brighter one.
Better student by a mile.
You've Sinead there. She loves you.
And you're meant for each other.
You should have...
sons and daughters,
and teach them to be
gentle and... and happy.
I want out of this uniform, Damien.
I want peace.
We need people like you, and even
the likes of me to make that happen.
Damien, I've never begged
another human in my life,
but I'm going to beg you now.
Heart and soul.
- Just brother to brother.
- What do you want, Teddy?
Tell us where the arms are, Damien.
Take amnesty.
Go home and live the life
you should be living.
And we want Rory. But you talk to
his boys, they'll listen to you.
You listen to me.
I shot Chris Reilly in the heart.
I did that.
You know why.
I'm not going to sell out.
Better write your letters, Damien.
Tell us where the arms are...
or you will be shot at dawn.
Did he say anything, Teddy?
Dear Sinead.
I tried not to get into this war.
And did.
And now try to get out and can't.
Strange creatures we are,
even to ourselves.
I treasure every bit of you,
body and soul,
in these last few moments.
You once said you wanted
your children to taste freedom.
I pray for that day, too, Sinead.
But I fear it will be longer
than either of us have imagined.
Dan once told me something
I've struggled with all this time.
He said, "It's easy to know
what you're against,
quite another to know
what you are for."
I think now, I know,
and it gives me strength.
Hup. Hup.
In time, look after Teddy.
I'm afraid, inside,
he's already dead.
As the clock ticks on, I imagine
your heartbeat under my hand.
I hold the medal you hung
around my neck and I tremble inside.
It will give you courage, too.
Goodbye, Sinead.
I love you now, and always will.
Left, turn.
Left, left, left, right, left.
Right, turn.
Halt.
Put your back up against the post.
Forward march.
Left, left, left.
It's not too late, Damien.
For me or for you?
No.
If you don't want to do this,
I'll give the order.
I'll do it. Squad!
Attention!
Get ready!
Load!
Take aim!
Fire!
Order arms.
Sinead?
Sinead?
Sinead?
What's the matter?
What's wrong?
There's this also.
- No, Sinead. No, Sinead.
- No! No!
- Sinead.
- I...
- I'm sorry.
- Get off me.
Get off me!
Get out. Leave me. Get off my land!
I don't ever want to see you again!
Oh, Damien, no.
Oh, no.